

same, or, as the current English novelists

lay, "expect," it was "Diane." We do not think that "Johnny Got Your Gun" had been invented. "Under the touch of her hand," she said, "the light of the moon spoke." We have heard it speak under hands, oh, how delicate and white, and effusions? We have heard it speak the sense. We have heard it reiterate the elementary messages of music for hours together. We have often thought of it as expressing, with the highest possibility of truth, the idea of the abandonment of hope.

The whole proceeds. It told of the glory of war, the grandeur and crash of the battle of the unequal charges and the valiant defense, it told of conquest and victory, the victory of triumph and honor, the victory of triumph and the triumph of victory. We have no doubt that it told all. As the girl coaxed she turned upon the piano stool. "What do you think of that, Clifford Clayborne?" she inquired of the youth beside her. "Could you march to that music?" He replied, "I could march to that music to the end of the world, Reggie."

We like the names. He was Clifford

Clayborne, son of Judge Clayborne, she was Regina Bowie, daughter of Col. John Bowie. Regina Bowie! What authoritative and trenchant significance! We do not remember being so stirred by an appellation since we saw the black-letter newspaper heading, "Victoria Rex," the "Queen of England" invaded. The scene was laid in Richmond in the spring of '61. The news of the fall of Sumter was ringing through the land. The South, with all its ardor and fiery zeal, was arming itself for the coming fray. The North, set on fire by the guns from South Carolina, was rallying to defend the national flag. The Rebellion had begun. It raged fiercely in the bosom of Regina Bowie, it shone in her eyes, it tingled to the very tips of her fingers, it struck at the very heart to the North.

Presently Clifford Clayborne went upstairs to fight a duel with his brother, Gordon Clayborne, who was a West Pointer, faithful to the Federal cause. The duel took place in the room that the brothers shared together. "The room was a study shared by the two brothers. At one end stood the shelves with the books which they had studied and read; on the other the brother was always found, in the flowing purple robe of defense, knives and pistols, was the fire rod with which Clifford had caught his first trout. There was the rifle with which Gordon had shot his first deer. There were things of a still more moving and tender significance. The brothers fought their duel under the portrait of their parents. No ordinary counterfeit settlements." Upon the wall at each side of the fireplace hung a portrait. One was of their father, the other of their mother. The man had the proud curved lips and the clayborne features. The sweet-faced woman upon the opposite side was their mother. Joseph Clayborne had come in New England the woman who became his

wife. The young Southerner had been sent to Europe to put a final polish to his education. "On his return he was fresh from where," says a gallery label, "fresh from the gallies of Europe, he exerted curiosity, interest and finally love in the breast of the young Puritan maid. And on his side the heart which had proved invulnerable to the charms of both French and English beauties, was won at the little, little, little of a Puritan." The heroine transplanted his delicate flower from the rocky [see Mrs. Hemans] soil of the East to the luxuriant land of Virginia. . . .

• Slavery was a heavy burden for such as Mrs. Catherborne, bravely self-sufficient and kindhearted, who, in a cotton-wool mill dealing with Regina Bowie's muslin, called Gordon a traitor. Gordon loaded a pair of "old-fashioned duelling pistols." Walking across the floor to air "old-fashioned clock," he moved the mirror.

hand and it was clear that the clock of the hour had said "we will fire." Perspiration covered Clifford's forehead. His hand shook. Gordon was distressed. "Damn you, Gordon, you're as cool as ice," said Clifford. "Gordon made no reply to this reproach. It may be that his pride was pained by the truth of it. One, two, three, four, five, six, all in paragraphs, with exclamations, and an arrangement of the words to enumerate, in a high, shrill, piping quality. "There was a blinding discharge of flame and smoke, with a crash that awoke the echoes of the old house and shook the windows in their casements." Gordon reeled slightly and leaned against a chair. A small room, an area of desecration showed itself on his forehead near the temple. "Oh, Gordon, cried Clifford, 'I have killed you!'" Gordon struggled himself up and, not hurt, he looked at Clifford, remarkable, but true he had merely been hit by the wad, he had put no bullets in the pistols. The impetuous Clifford stood in silence for a moment, then he put out his hand, which was clasped by his elder brother, who said, "Clifford, we have been together all our lives, we part now perhaps never to see each other again in this world, but, if we do meet, I remember that I do not part in anger. It is an impressive lesson fearlessly communicated. It does not appear that the crash of the pistols which awoke the echoes of the old house and shook the windows in their casements was noticed by any of the family.

Begonia Bowle became a Confederate spy. One night in a third-form class was captured by the analytic newspaper correspondents, Benjamin Bowles and Horace Bowles, who were the boys' cousins. A school of thinner school the whole house at the same instant, and a vivid flash of lightning revealed to him a long garret half filled with worn-out and discarded pieces of furniture. In the middle of the room from behind a pile of boxes, a figure rose to its feet and a pistol was fired.

point blank at Cheselchier. The flow was of its mark. The press of the lightning's flash, which leaped forward, was raging furiously outside, with upon peal of thunder. The lightning flashed at intervals of a few seconds, changing the scene from dark to light with blinding rapidity. In the next flash Cheselchier saw the figure disappear through an open window. He was after it in a trice. A ladder was against the house under the window, but without hesitation the tall Cheselchier swung from the sill to the ground just in time to receive police fire aimed the person who had sprung from the house. Brown fought valiantly of course.

...and, therefore, in response to stinging blows on the side of his head, "You can't take the hold your hands." Not a rather pale, hairy. Don't scratch." Of course she was not following the advice of only Edward. "She did not cry out, but was crying all her breath and strength, struggling splendidly, bending her supple body this way and that, striding at him like a fierce young tiger out. In the flash of the lightning she could see a mass of dark, wet, and a pair of dark eyes that blazed at her fiercely. He captured both her hands and held them tight and held her.

frught; he tore his legs wide in the hard earth of the streets; and her spine arched like a cat's as she stumbled and fell, throwing her rider headfirst forward twice his length, his body beyond in the death grip of a Dick Richards was held the packet he had brought. "The fall had broken his neck."

There were reformers in Smithtown who were zealous for all sorts of reforms. They thought it into their heads that Richards was visiting the young Widow Pabel, and they set out to reform the widow. They put a car parked as not found by

particularly those with which the war began. The literary output, however, will not diminish, and the prospects for cardinals of polemical writings on the conduct of commanders and on the details of each action are dismal in the extreme. Two books of different value come to us this week. "With the Navy Brigade on Natal" by Lieut. C. R. Byrne, R. N. (Edward Arnold, Longman, Green & Co.), is a book of permanent importance in its narrow field. It is a series of episodes as they happened.

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